

Fall-Winter 2020

The Granly News

A Publication of the Danish Historical Foundation, Inc., Hurley, Mississippi

*We'll have a
BLUE CHRISTMAS
without you.*

2020
*Granly Christmas
Cancelled Due to Covid*



From the President

Glædelig Jul Granly Friends,

I hope everyone is doing well this year coping with the virus. Due to Covid-19 guidelines we will not be having our annual Christmas gathering on the 26th. We plan to have an Easter Reunion and Open House on Saturday, April 3, 2021, the day before Easter Sunday. Please make plans to come for a special time together. Hopefully an outdoor gathering will be safe at that time and we will have a good crowd.

We had a very successful work week in October and were also fortunate to be able to make a \$30,000 donation to Lutheran World Relief this year. See the meeting minutes for more details.

One final note — please send in your family Christmas photos to be posted on the Granly Facebook page and to be shared in our Spring newsletter. We want to know all about our families who descend from our first Granly settlers. I wish everyone well and safe travels during this Christmas season.

Lee Sheperd, President



Granly Officials

PRESIDENT

Lee Sheperd
315 West Orange Ave.
Foley, Alabama, 36535
leeshepherd379@yahoo.com
Grandson of Ejner & Marie Mortensen
Son of Lee & Rita Mortensen Shepherd

TREASURER

Kevin Martin
1712 Cherebusco St.
Pascagoula, MS 39567
kscooterm@hotmail.com
228-623-1861
Grandson of Hans & Herdis Nygaard
Son of Else Nygaard Martin

VICE PRESIDENT

Keith Mitchell
4496 Sardis Church Rd
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770-271-2680
Son-in-law of Davis Mortensen, the
Son of Ejner & Marie

SECRETARY

Lynda Roberts Woods
224 W Camphor Ave.
Foley, Alabama 36535
lindarwood@yahoo.com
Granddaughter of Carl & Astrid Brinkman
Daughter of Margaret Brinkman

Visit Our Facebook Page at:

<https://www.facebook.com/GranlyDanish/>



Share your Family Christmas Photos and Memories with us to be posted on our Granly Facebook Page and in the Newsletter.

Send to Else Martin,
6301 Country Lane Moss Point MS 39562
elsejensinemartin@gmail.com



1012 Breeden Place, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520
228-343-2941 — eldm2x@gmail.com

We want to hear from you!

Please send your old (and new) family photos, current news and your comments and suggestions to the editor. We want to see photos from all Granly descendants – trips to Denmark, Reunions, Holiday traditions, recipes, etc.

Newsletter Publishing Dates & Deadlines:

Issue:	Spring 2021
Deadline:	April 1
Mailed:	Mid-April 2021
Issue:	Autumn 2021
Deadline:	Sept 1, 2021
Mailed:	Mid-Sept 2021



Annual Meeting Minutes

The annual meeting of the Granly Danish Historic Foundation met on October 3, 2020 instead of June 2020 because of Covid 19 outbreak. The meeting was called to order at 10:00 A. M. by President, Lee Shepherd. Those present were: Lee Shepherd, Kevin Martin, Jerold Shepherd, Keith Mitchell, Jimmy Etheridge, Davis Mortensen, Else Martin, Lynda Wood and Rita Shepherd. The Covid 19 CDC rules were followed with social distancing and masks.

The President welcomed members and briefed them on a few updates: Barbara Nygaard is now the groundskeeper, continuing the tradition started by her husband, Raymond, the workdays had been on October 1, 2 and Jerold will give the details in the Trustee's report.

The minutes from the last meeting of June 1, 2019 were read and approved. Kevin Martin gave the Treasurer's Report, which is attached to the minutes. The checking account balance as of September 30, 2020 is \$8,262.55 and the Trust Fund Balance as of August 31, 2020 is \$809,552.55. Kevin also distributed a current membership roll, with names, addresses, e-mails and phone numbers.

Jerold Shepherd, Trustee, gave an update on the updates made on the property: The porch was repaired and overhang built for protecting the door, installed air conditioner and heating unit in the restroom building, building was power washed, light installed for walkway, mulch added to front flower bed, kitchen doorway repaired, fallen pine tree cut up, the new refrigerator and range were installed before Christmas last year.

The Annual Christmas Celebration, always on December 26, was discussed in light of the Covid 19 restrictions. It was agreed by all present, that the building is too small for social distancing and the weather is too unpredictable in December to attempt to hold the Celebration in 2020.

The members want to maintain the connection with the full membership, so in the newsletter we will be request-

ing members post family Christmas pictures on the Granly FB page. An Easter celebration is being considered on April 3, 2020 with an Open House for the community.

Else Martin described a hanging ancestry display which would be useful to display Granly's family information. It would be closed when not in use. It was determined to allow up to \$2000.00 for this display.

Else Martin also announced that her son, Larry Martin, has volunteered to produce the Granly Newsletter in December and March. She encouraged everyone to send news items and pictures to Larry.

Lynda Wood brought to the attention of the Trustees that a handicapped toilet is needed in the ladies restroom. That will be added before the next gathering at Granly.

The members present unanimously agreed to request \$10,000.00 from Raymond James Trust Fund for the maintenance of Granly for 2020-2021.

Davis Mortensen made the motion to request \$30,000.00 for Lutheran World Relief, Coast Hurricane Relief. The members present unanimously agreed to request \$30,000.00 from Raymond James Trust Fund for Lutheran World Relief, the only place donations can be made from the Trust. The Secretary and Treasurer will submit a letter to Raymond James making this request.

The election of officers was completed with the following results:

President: Lee Shepherd
Vice President: Keith Mitchell
Treasurer: Kevin Martin
Secretary: Lynda Roberts Wood

The meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted, Rita Shepherd, Secretary

Granly Christmas







Granly History

W. Peter Ramberg Memories

Note from Else Martin: Marilyn Ramberg shared her father's memories with us for Granly's history. Wolfgang Peter Ramberg and Erik Ramberg were the sons of Einer & Elfriede Lykke. The Lykke family arrived in Granly, Sept. 1935 from Chicago.

I was born in Holte, a suburb of Copenhagen, on May 10, 1921. My father was a civil engineer and had married my mother in 1917, shortly after meeting her while vacationing for his health. In 1923 my brother Erik was born, and not long afterwards there was another son, Olaf, but he died at the age of six months.

Our house in Holte was called Villa Pax. It seemed enormous because I was so small--I've seen it several times in recent years, and it's just a modest place. There were two bedrooms upstairs, one of which Erik and I shared, the other being used by our parents. In front of the bedrooms sat a little balcony looking down on a garden: lawn with flowers and gooseberry bushes around the edges, and in back a tall hedge which screened us from the street, Skovridergaardsvej. We had Easter egg hunts in the garden when the weather was good enough. Once my father built us a play ship out of wood. Once my brother and I sat up on the balcony and shouted curses down at two respectable ladies passing by; my mother heard us and scolded us and said she was going to tell Father when he came home. She did, and he seemed to be deeply shocked. Our sentence was that we would be taken away and left in a home for naughty boys; instead, we wound up at a circus. Still, we didn't curse any ladies after that.

Occasionally we'd go to Tivoli in Copenhagen, where we'd see dancers and clowns in the famous Peacock theater, the curtain of which looks like a peacock's tail extended. I remember on one occasion watching a couple of aerialists on a tightrope. My father announced that when we got home, he and I could try the same thing--one of them was riding a bicycle up there--and it scared the hell out of me. He put me on his shoulders, and we walked back towards the train through the tremendous City Hall Square, Raadshuspladsen just as the sun was going down and the lights of the city were coming on.

When I started school, I was sent to a place in Copenhagen near the Noerreport station. I'd walk from our house to the Holte station, take the train, and get off at

Noerreport, from where I'd walk to school. The whole trip took, I suppose, a little over an hour. It was my first experience with commuting, which I seem to have been doing through much of my adult life.

School itself was quite pleasant. The building was red brick, old, about three stories high, with a walled yard in front. Everyone carried a sealskin backpack called a tornister; in it would be a copy book, a slate, and a pencil box made of wood, as well as a lunch and anything else our parents or the teachers felt we needed.

We sat at longish desks, in pairs. Boys only in our school! The teacher taught us this and that, nothing very difficult--I was only five or six--and sometimes read to us and sometimes got out his violin and played. He had the authority to paddle us if we needed it, and I always did my best to stay on the straight and narrow. But only one boy ever got spanked while I was there. He was being very difficult--kept talking or something--and had to bend over and take three raps on the ass from a little paddle. It didn't seem to hurt him, but it did impress him enough to quiet him down.

What was Copenhagen like in those days? Lots of bicycles; not many cars. Wide fields along the railway track on the way to Holte. Red tile roofs and green copper roofs--about the same as now, except that things happened more slowly. The biggest excitement I remember was the night when a couple of drunks came wandering down the street outside our house, singing abominably. I woke up terrified, and my mother came in and soothed me.

Oh yes, and once an uncle of my father's came over from America. A rich man, we thought. He sat under an apple tree in our garden and drank coffee, and I asked him to tell us about America. Was it true that the streets were paved with gold and that the fountains gushed wine, as I'd seen in a picture book I had, Rejsen til Amerika, The Journey to America? No, he answered, but it was a pleasant place. I was disappointed.

In 1928, when I was six, my father died. He'd had a bad heart, and his death didn't come as a surprise. My mother then made the decision to go to the United States. My father's uncle suggested she come to Michigan, where he had a meat packing business, and she thought she could teach. So she sold the house, packed our things, and booked passage on the King Frederik VIII--first class, mind you; she had a feeling that this would be the last time

she'd be able to afford it, and she was right. It was an enjoyable trip. We'd have bullion at ten and tea in the afternoons. My mother spoke English fluently, but I learned from a woman who played shuffleboard with me; the first word I remember was "attaboy," the meaning of which I didn't know, but which seemed soothing.

We landed on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, across from midtown Manhattan, in August, right in the middle of a heat wave. The temperature and humidity of that Neapolitan climate were unbelievable to a young Northern European like me. We were met by the uncle and his wife and, after having pheasant under glass in a Hoboken hotel, left for Michigan. The trip is a blur.

We drove--I think it took two days. Then we arrived in Muskegon, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and things started to go downhill. The semi-tropical heat continued. I was sent to the beach with someone but without a bathing suit, my mother apparently assuming that young children didn't need them, the result being that I didn't get to go in but had to sit on the sand and look at the water, a sort of hellish situation. Mother put everything she had into a bank which promptly closed--this was just about the time when the Great Depression was being born. She found that she couldn't teach after all: she didn't have teaching credentials satisfactory in this part of the world.

To make a living, she began making candy, chocolates, which she placed in bakeries on consignment. They didn't sell very well. I started the first grade over again. I could hardly understand the teacher, and there were kids in the class I couldn't understand at all. Until my mother was called in and found out what the problem was, I was failing arithmetic. On top of everything else, I had to wear short pants, Danish style, which gave my schoolmates a lot of amusement.

We stuck it out in Muskegon for a few more months and then began a series of moves in which my mother was trying to find a way to make a living when all the jobs seemed to be disappearing, banks were closing right and left, and people in their middle years were selling apples on the street because there was nothing else for them to do. For a while she was companion to a well-to-do widow who had a summer place north of Traverse City, up near the Canadian border. But the widow began to run short of funds, and so that ended. Then Mother tried running a restaurant in a small town resort area. That failed.

On one occasion we lived near Detroit in a horrible room with dirty wallpaper and worn-out furniture; I don't know what the job was supposed to be, but our stay there

lasted only about a week, for which I was thankful. We then moved to Chicago, where we had various places on the northwest side near Humboldt Park, an area inhabited by a number of Danes. Mother tried tutoring middle-aged men in Danish and German, but it was hard going. She remarked more than once that it was almost impossible to teach someone a foreign language when they didn't know the grammar of their own. At last she got a job as a sales clerk in the bargain basement of a large downtown department store. The pay was \$12 a week. Soon afterwards it was cut to \$9 a week, and she found that she couldn't make it any more. She got a position as a maid to the owner of the store and put my brother and me into a children's home because she couldn't have us with her.

The Home--what was the name of it? I don't remember--was run by the Danish Lutheran Church. They took good care of us, and we made friends and enemies and went to school and learned about sex from each other. Saturdays we'd play in the yard; Sunday mornings we'd walk through Humboldt Park to Sunday school at the Evangelical Lutheran church and then back again. Mother would meet us, and we'd have the day, the rest of it, with her. The worst thing about this two years was that we weren't living together, and there didn't seem to be any end to it in sight. Summers were hot and humid; winters were bone-chillingly icy. A penny for candy or a dime for the movies were the high spots of our day-to-day life.

The Home had a series of bookcases containing all of the Rover Boys series and the Tom Swift series and the Boy Allies series. I read them all. I didn't care much for the Nancy Drew books or Little Women - those were for the girls. Now and then we'd have rhythm band practice. I played sticks. Christmas was always good. When we had a roast, we were happy; when they served codfish balls, there was less enthusiasm.

At last, though, Mother married again, a man named Einar Lykke, whose brother Albert had a small finished lumber business on Armitage Avenue. Uncle Albert and his mother lived in a flat above the combination mill and shop. Mrs. Lykke was a formidable old lady in the best tradition of a Danish grandmother. She seemed to rule her sons with an iron hand, but she was very easy for Erik and me to get along with. Her apartment was old-fashioned, with lots of heavy walnut and oak furniture, fringes on the lampshades, little lace doilies in the upholstered furniture. She spoke only Danish, or so she claimed, although she seemed to have no trouble in getting around Chicago by herself. Mother and my stepfather, though, moved into an apartment of our own, and



W. Peter Ramberg Memories cont.

Erik and I came out of the children's home. And from then on, things began to improve as steadily as they'd gone downhill before.

Daddy--which is what we called him--had been trained as a dairyman in Denmark before he came to the U.S. during the First World War. Unfortunately, there was little demand for his skills in Chicago during the thirties, as most of the work had been mechanized, so he tried to make a living as a carpenter, which was a popular trade for many men in his circumstances.

Again, unfortunately, there seemed to be little need for carpenters. He got work now and then but would be laid off again before long. Mother got back on at the department store at her old salary of \$12 a week. Now and then a little money would come over from Denmark, where it had been placed in a trust by my father. We were eating, and we were all together, but we weren't getting anywhere.

One day they heard about a Danish colony being started in Mississippi. Land was cheap. You could grow three

One day they heard about a Danish colony being started in Mississippi. Land was cheap. You could grow three crops a year because of the favorable climate.

crops a year because of the favorable climate. The idea was to engage in truck gardening--growing vegetables--for which there was a good demand. Besides, you could raise chickens and sell the eggs. It seemed like something worth looking into, and Daddy, Uncle Al, Grandma, and another lady got into Al's old Dodge and drove down there. They came back with good reports. We bought a flat-bed truck, put the furniture on board, and took off. Just the four of us--Al and Grandma, of course, stayed in Chicago.

We arrived in southern Mississippi in the late summer of 1935. We must have looked like the Jews in The Grapes of Wrath, but we didn't know about that and we didn't care. After living in a couple of temporary places, we finally made a small down payment on 120 acres a half-mile off the main north-south road between Pascagoula and Lucedale.

The Danish "colony" consisted of some twenty or twenty-five families from Minnesota, Iowa, and Montana who'd recently moved down there and were living along a five-mile stretch of the highway. They called it Granly, "Pine Lea," and they did their best to give it its own identity. About in the middle of the stretch they built a commu-

nity hall, a forsamlingshus, which served as a place for get-togethers on Saturday Nights and as a church on Sundays. We even had our own pastor who lived in a brick house nearby. (Most of the houses were built of the local yellow pine, so his stood out.) Not far away was another brick house, owned by the Brinkman family. Carl Brinkman had a general store and feed mill a couple of miles north, at a crossroads called Harleston. Danes, Danes, Danes all around us--the Johansens, the Hansens, the Larsens, the Christiansens, the Nygaards.

We all raised cotton, sugar cane, watermelons, chickens, turnips. Everyone worked like a dog. When someone's mule died, he'd hitch himself to the plow and pull it while his wife pushed on the handles until someone else found out what was going on. Some winters we'd live on oatmeal and sweet potatoes because we didn't want to ask Carl Brinkman for any more credit, although he never indicated in any way that he considered this a problem. Sometimes we'd kill a pig and salt it. We ate a lot of

eggs and a lot of chickens. We didn't make any money--I think the average annual income in cash was around \$3----but we were making out.

Now, although all of this probably sounds pretty grim, the fact is that these four years or so were among the happiest of my life. We had very little, but we didn't need much. The roads weren't paved or even gravelled, and

few of us had cars, but we all had bicycles and got around very well on them. When it wasn't raining. It did rain an awful lot, especially in winter. The veneer on the furniture would peel, and the clothing in the drawers would mildew. But somehow we didn't mind.

We had no electricity, so we pumped out water by hand and carried it in pails to the chickens. We read by kerosene lamps; a Coleman pressure lamp that gave us as much light "as a sixty-watt bulb," according to the advertisement, was a real luxury. We made music on harmonicas and guitars. At our Saturday night dances at the Vor-samlingshus, we 'young people' would vie with the 'old folks' in musical virtuosity. The older people liked the old Danish dances they'd grown up with, and all of us learned how to do them. We teen-agers would play and dance to



fox-trots and one-steps.

Toward the end of the evening, the women would brew strong coffee, the way the Danes like it, in a copper wash boiler they kept for that purpose, putting the ground coffee into a little muslin sack and boiling it. Always cream and sugar; everybody had at least one cow, so we never lacked for dairy products. Danish pastry made the old-fashioned way, with plenty of butter, very flaky and sweet. Then home and to bed, listening to the frogs in the pond and always the crickets. The stars would be very close.

We went to high school--almost all of us younger people were at that stage--by bus, twenty miles down to the Gulf Coast and twenty miles back. We all did all right. Two of the girls in our group were valedictorian and

salutatorian, respectively, or our graduating class.

In 1939, then, I finished high school. The problem was what to do next. There was certainly no money for college. Jobs--real, paying jobs--were almost non-existent; the Depression was still very much there, lurking around the boundaries of our little oasis. Staying on a marginal-subsistence farm didn't seem to have much future or appeal. I talked it over with my parents and decided to join the Army. Daddy had gotten his American citizenship by serving a hitch in the First War, and his only comment was not to let myself become a bum like so many of the Regulars he'd known during this time. I promised him that I wouldn't and I went with their blessing.

Treasurer's Report

Granly Danish Historical Foundation
Financial Report
30 June 2019 - 30 October 2020

Checking Account Balance 30 June 2019	\$	2,015.62
Expenses:		
Utilities	\$	820.08
Postage/Checks	\$	282.17
Newsletter/Printing	\$	339.96
Repairs	\$	15,350.92
Insurance	\$	654.22
Total Expenses	\$	17,447.35
Receipts:		
Dues	\$	1,470.00
Contributions	\$	800.00
Trust Fund Withdrawal	\$	20,000.00
Total Receipts	\$	22,270.00
Checking Account Balance 30 October 2020	\$	6,838.27
Trust Fund Balance as of October 30, 2020	\$	795,823.03



Obituaries

Verner Peter “Pete” Larsen

Verner “Pete” Larsen passed away on January 17, 2020 due to congestive heart failure.



He had been in declining health for several months, able to do less and less for himself. He was ready to go.

Verner was the son of Svend and Karen (Overgaard) Larsen. He was born on June 27, 1927 in the small town of Braham in northern Minnesota. He had sisters. He was social from the beginning. At the age of 4-5 his routine was to make

the rounds of all the neighbors after breakfast to see what they all had for breakfast.

In 1933 the family migrated to South Mississippi to a 40-acre farm with the bare necessities. By the time he was in high school civilization had arrived. High school was busy—he was on the football team, played trombone in the band, and worked part time as a ‘soda jerk’ at the drug store. — And he graduated as Valedictorian of the MPHS Class of 1945.

Pete served in the U. S. Navy and with the help of the Navy he did four years at Union College in Schenectady, New York where he got his degree. He tried teaching for one year and it was not for him. He then got hired at Brookley AFB in Mobile and found his niche working in Civil Services. From there he transferred to the AFB in San Bernardino, CA.

He met and married Sylvia in San Bernardino. They lived in Rialto and in 1957 their son Bruce was born. After a few years the base was closed and he transferred to the AFB in Sacramento where he stayed until retirement. In 1974, he and Sylvia divorced. Later he married Velma. They were both avid golfers. In their spare time they volunteered at the Blood Bank and donated their full quota, winning all the awards. They were active in the Unitarian Universal Society of Sacra-

mento. Verner loved being part of the church group that helped clean up the river every year and was active in a variety of other church committees. Verner ‘Pete’ — he is only known as Verner by his family—also did a lot of volunteer work at the library. After retirement, he and Velma traveled—several trips to New Zealand to play golf, and, also, visits to Italy, France and Great Britain. His wife Velma, died in 2005.

He moved to Atria—an independent living facility in Carmichael in June of 2016. As usual, he became a part of it all. He sang in the choir, was on various committees, attended exercise class, current events sessions, (even leading a few), helped with gardening, and went to Happy Hour every Friday where he shared a Stout with a friend.

He is survived by his son Bruce of Sacramento, and sisters, Ellen Hallal, Santa Monica, Ca., Karen Pope, Tulsa, Okla., Agnes Hughes of Chula Vista, Ca., and countless nieces and nephews. He had a full life and was ready to go, but he leaves a big empty space.

Elsie Margaret Knudsen Webb

September 22, 1932 - June 20, 2020

Elsie Margaret Knudsen Webb, 87, of Cokato, MN, passed away June 20 following complications of a stroke. Elsie was born September 22, 1932 in Marysville, CA. She grew up in Hurley, MS and became a resident of Gautier, MS when she married Charles Elvin Webb Sr. in 1954. She resided in Gautier for 59 years until she moved to Memphis, TN to be near her daughter, Kathy. She moved in 2019 to Minnesota where she was near her son, Charles.



She was a homemaker, excellent cook, and loved her family dearly. After her children were grown Elsie went to college and earned an associate degree. She worked as an administrative assistant until her retirement. Elsie was a member of First Baptist Church in Gautier.

Elsie was preceded in death by her husband, Charles E. Webb Sr. and parents, Gunnar and Grete

Knudsen. Survivors include three daughters, Kathy (Tim) Overly of Bartlett, TN, Anita (Ron) Baker of Greenville, SC, Janet (Leo) McNally of Gulfport and one son, Charles (Denise) Webb Jr. of Maple Lake; one sister Helen Wallace of Barnard, KS; 12 grandchildren; and 9 great grandchildren. Grandchildren: Jonathan (Samantha) Overly, Joe (Emmie) Overly, Chris (Jay) Overly, April Overly Dulin (Justin), Amy Baker King (Rob), Christy Baker Smith (Nate), Amber McNally Sullivan (Matt), Sean McNally, Charles Webb III, Megan Webb, Jason Webb, and Conner Pfromm. Great grandchildren: Joshua King, Brayden Overly, Tucker Overly, Conner King, Savannah Overly, Lily Dulin, Parker Smith, Luke Sullivan, and Scarlett Overly.

In lieu of flowers the family requests memorials be sent to Brookridge Assisted Living, 180 Sunset Ave., Cokato, MN 55321 or the Prison Evangelism Ministry at First Baptist Church of Gautier, 325 De La Point Dr., Gautier, MS. 39553.

Ruth E. Jacobsen,

August 11, 1929 - June 25, 2020

Ruth E. Jacobsen, age 90, of Topeka, KS, passed away on Thursday, June 25, 2020 at Stormont Vail Hospital.

Ruth was born the daughter of Jakob and Anna (Jensen) Jacobsen on August 11, 1929 in Chicago, IL.



Her parents, Ruth, and her younger brother, Paul Jacobsen, moved to Mississippi. She graduated from Moss Point High School and graduated with a Bachelor's Degree

from Grandview College in Iowa.

Ruth had a long career as an administrator of various organizations including the National Council of Churches, the youth of the NCC called the International Christian Youth Exchange, and the Girl Scouts of America. After moving to Topeka, she worked for the Kansas Ecumenical Ministries.

Her brother Paul preceded her in death. Her sister-in-law, Therese Jacobsen of Chicago survives.

Memorial contributions can be made in Ruth's loving memory to Doorstep, 1119 SW 10th Ave., Topeka, KS 66604 and/or Our Saviors Lutheran Church, 2021 SW 29th St., Topeka, KS 66611.

HYGGE

For some of you this is another new Danish word. Pronounced HOO-GA, and as the Danes say, you don't spell it, YOU FEEL IT. Hygge is the atmosphere and experience, rather than Things.

When we visit Granly and enter the Forsamlingshus, we have HYGGE! Every year on December 26 Granly families celebrate our heritage with a Danish Christmas together. We enjoy each other and the Danish culture passed down to us by our parents and grandparents. We have our cozy and loving togetherness – our HYGGE. Enjoy HYGGE with your family this Christmas. Glædelig Jul!

DANISH SITES OF INTEREST...

Danish Art & Christmas Shop: <http://www.dkglobal.dk/>

Danish Pioneer Newspaper: www.thedanishpioneer.com

Online Book Stores: <http://www.penfield-press.com/>

Danish Titles:

- *Abelskiver and More*
- *Dear Danish Recipes*
- *Delectably Danish Recipes and Reflections*
- *From Danish Kitchens*
- *Forever Danish*
- *Danish Proverbs*
- *Andersen Fairy Tales*
- *Coloring books*
- *Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) books*
- *Danish-English, English-Danish Dictionary*
- *Danish Dictionary & Phrasebook*
- *Say It in Danish.*

Danish Gift Books

215 Brown St., Iowa City, Iowa, 52245
Phone 319-337-9998; 1-800-728-9998

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THE GRANLY NEWS
The Danish Historical Foundation, Inc.
C/O Larry Martin
1012 Breeden Place
Bay St. Louis, MS 39520

KAFFEKAGE - Danish Coffee Cake

*Recipe from Herdis Nygaard - Made hundreds of these
when she worked in a Minneapolis bakery, 1924 to 1934.*

1 cup milk	¼ cup sugar
½ cup lard	1 teaspoon salt
½ package yeast	Sprinkle of sugar
2 tablespoons warm milk	1 egg
1/3 cup raisins	citron, if desired
½ teaspoon ground cardamom (optional)	3 cups flour
3 tablespoons butter	3 teaspoons sugar
Cinnamon, sprinkle to taste	



Scald milk and pour into bowl with sugar, lard and salt, stir. Add warm water to yeast with a sprinkle of sugar. When milk mixture has cooled to lukewarm, add raisins, cardamom, egg and 1 cup flour. Stir well and add yeast mixture. Add remaining flour, beating well with spoon. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Roll out on floured board, spread with soft butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up, pinch ends in and place in greased pan to rise until doubled in bulk. Bake at 350° for 50 minutes. Can be frosted with powdered sugar icing.